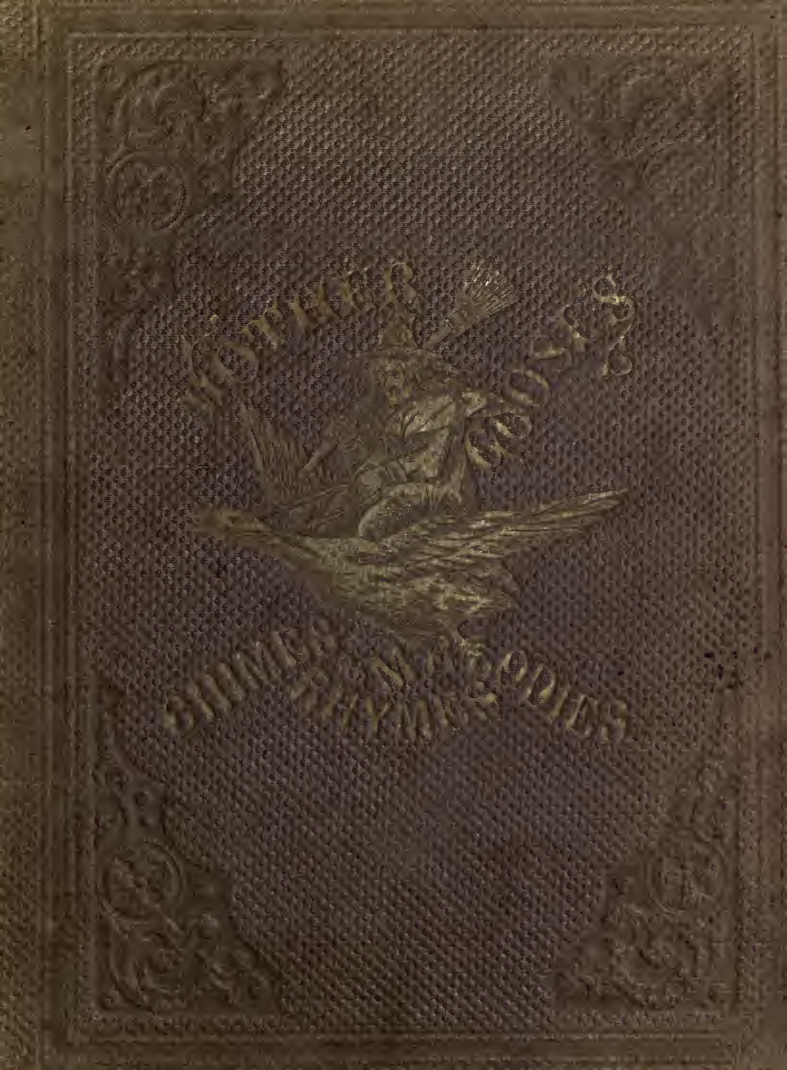
MOTHER GOOSE'S
NURSERY RHYMES & MELODIES

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ELVAH KARSHNER

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

Ellen T. Du Bois.

Dannett. —

Mabel —

MOTHER GOOSE'S CHIMES, RHYMES & MELODIES

HENRY B. ASHMEAD, PHILADELPHIA.

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A CARRION crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat!
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow,
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
And shot the miller's sow right through the heart;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon;
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

AS I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

AS I was going up Primrose Hill,
Primrose Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you,
If I had half a crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,

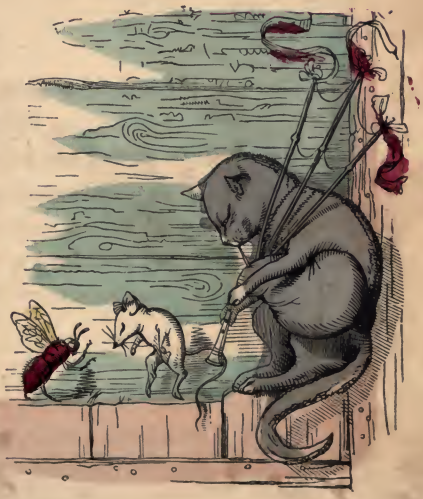
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;

She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,

The mouse has married the humble bee;

Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,

We'll have a wedding at our good house.



AS I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

[*A cherry.*]

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

[*A well.*]

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

A B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

A FARMER came trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.
A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.
The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
And vowed he would serve him the same next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

A LONG-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

A BBACE,
Daffagee,
Kellamenoppekew,
Rustyvee,
Doubleyou,
X, Y, Z.

A LL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

A B, C, and D, pray, playmates agree,
E, F, and G, well so it shall be.
J, K, and L, in peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O, to play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S, love may we possess.
W, X, and Y, will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampherse-and, go to school at command.

A LITTLE cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow,
Says he, I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.

His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.
Says the little cock-sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.

A LITTLE boy went
into a barn,
And lay down on
some hay;
An owl came out and
flew about,
And the little boy
ran away.

BLESS you, bless you, bonny bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

A MAN went hunting at Reigate,
And wished to jump over a high gate;
Says the owner, "Go round,
With your horse and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate."

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses,
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rashes;

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry,
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I will give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

BELL horses, bell horses, what time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, off and away.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig;
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool,
Yes, marry have I, three bags full:
One for my master, and one for my dame,
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane.

BROW, brow, brinkie;
Eye, eye, winkie;
Nose, nose, hopper;
Mouth, mouth, merry;
Cheek, cheek, cherry;
Chin, chin, chopper.

BYE, baby, bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

CROSS patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And don't know what to do.

"COME, let's to bed,"
says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says
slow;
"Put on the pot," says
Greedy-gut,
"We'll sup before we
go."

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird and give it to me;
Catch another
And give it to brother.

COCK Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window,
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love,
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

CURLY locks, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

CHARLEY loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy.

CATCH him crow! carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe and ready to fall,
Home comes Johnny, apples, and all.

DOCTOR Foster went to Gloster.
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle up to the middle,
And never went there again.

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green;
Who pull'd her out?
Little Johnny Stout;
What a naughty boy was that
To try and drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown
Soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

DANTY, baby, diddy,
What can mammy do wid'e?
Sit in a lap,
And give it some pap,
Danty, baby, diddy.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come
up to town,
In a fine petticoat and a green gown.

DIDDLETY, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree;
Half-a-crown, to fetch her down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

EGGS, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

ELIZABETH, Lizzy, and Betsy
and Bess,
They all went together to seek a
bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five
eggs in,
They all took one and left four in.

EEN-a, deen-a,
Dine-a, dust,
Cat'll-a, ween-a,
Wine-a, wust,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one.
O-U-T, spells out,
A nasty dirty dish-clout.

FFOR fig, J for jig,
And N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring.

[*A plum pudding.*]

FOUR and twenty tailors, went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.

FATHER Short came down the lane,
Oh! I'm obliged to hammer and smite
From four in the morning till eight at night,
For a bad master and a worse dame.

GO to bed first, a golden purse;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a golden bird.

GENTLEMEN came every day,
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good-will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.

HICKETY, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine,
Sometimes ten.
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.

HERE we are on Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver.

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a lily-white cake.
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king;
Pray ma'am will you take one in?

HEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

HOT cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
Hey; my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle's out,
My little maid is not at home;
Saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

HANDY Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

HUSH, baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by-and bye;
Or perhaps you like custard, or, maybe, a tart,
Then to either you are welcome, with all my heart.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

HERE am I,
Little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

HICKY more, hacky more,
Hung at the kitchen door,
All day long,
Nothing so long,
Nothing so strong,
As hickymore, hackymore,
Hung at the kitchen door
All day long.

[*Sunshine.*]

HICCORY, diccory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
And down the mouse run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

HARK, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

HUMPTY Dumpty, sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

HERE we go round the mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold frosty morning.

This is the way we brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
This is the way we brush our hair,
On a cold frosty morning.

[*Followed by* "This is the way we clean our boots," *etc.*]

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty—my stomach's empty;
Pray, Mamma, give me some dinner.

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down comes hush-a-bye, baby, and all.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

I LOST my little mare in Lincoln-lane,
And couldn't tell where to find her,
Till she came home both lame and blind,
With never a tail behind her.

I HAD a little doll, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill, to fetch me some flour,
And always got it home, in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and told me a tale.

IF all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?

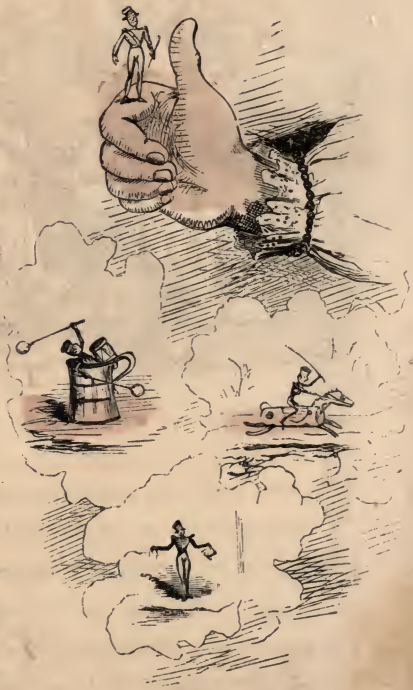
I HAD a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She wash'd me the dishes and kept the house clean;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour,
She baked me my bread, she brew'd me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and told many a fine tale.

I'LL tell you a story,
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That gallop'd up and down;
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little pocket-handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.



I HAD a little dog, they called him Buff,
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff:
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

I HAVE a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep.
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

IF you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you'll be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile for a tickling of the knee.

IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride,
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side.

IS John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Aye, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle,
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.

JOHN Cook he had a
little black mare,
hee, haw, hum;
Her legs were long and
her back was bare,
hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding
up Shooter's Bank,
hee, haw, hum;
The mare she began to
kick and to prank,
hee, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's Hill,
hee, haw, hum;
His mare fell down and made her will,
hee, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf,
hee, haw, hum;
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself,
hee, haw, hum.

JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the candlestick.

JACK and Jill
went up the
hill,
To fetch a pail
of water;
Jack fell down,
and broke his
crown,
And Jill came
tumbling after.

JACK SPRAT
could eat no
fat,
His wife could
eat no lean;
And so betwixt
them both,
They lick'd the
platter clean.

KISS me asleep, and kiss me awake,
Kiss me for dear Willie's sake.

JACK Sprat's pig,
He was not very little
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat;
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Sprat.

JACK Sprat,
Had a cat,
It had but one ear,
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where were you born?
In Lincolnshire, master, come blow the cow's horn.

LET us go to the woods, says this pig.
What to do there? says this pig.
To seek mamma, says this pig.
What to do with her? says this pig.
To kiss her, to kiss her, says this pig.

LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

LITTLE Bo-peep has
lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to
find them;
Leave them alone, and
they'll come home,
And bring their tails
behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast
asleep,
And dreamt she heard
them bleating;
But when she awoke, she
found it a joke,
For they still were all
fleeting.

Then she took up her
little crook,
Determined for to find
them;
She found them indeed,
but it made her heart
bleed
For they'd left all their
tails behind 'em.

LITTLE boy blue,
come blow me
your horn,
The sheep's in the mea-
dow, the cow's in
the corn.
Where is the little
boy, minding the
sheep?
Under the haycock
fast asleep!

LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a spade,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and made him afraid;
Little Robin chirp'd and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew away.

LITTLE Anne Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

[*A Candle.*]

LITTLE Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

LITTLE Mary Ester,
Sat upon a tester,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a large spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frighten'd poor Mary away.

LITTLE Jack Horner
sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and
pull'd out a plum,
And said, "What a good
boy am I!"

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home.

LITTLE Robin Red-
breast
Sat upon a rail:
Niddle noddle went his
head,
And waggle went his tail.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker
Sang for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he marry
Without e'er a wife?

MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

MISS Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, catch him, puss, soon as you're able.

MY little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about,
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can;
With a heighly gaily gamberally,
Higgledy, piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

MY story's ended,
My spoon's bended;
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

MARGERY MUTTON-PIE and Johnny Bo-peep,
They met together in Grace-church Street,
In and out, in and out, over the way,
Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And Practice drives me mad.

MY mother and your mother,
Went over the way;
Said my mother to your mother,
It's chop-a-nose day.

[*The above lines are repeated by the nurse when sliding her hand down the child's face.*]

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

NUMBER number nine,
This hoop's mine;
Number number ten,
Take it back again.

ONE'S none;
Two's some;
Three's a many;
Four's a penny;
Five is a little hundred.

OLD mother Widdle Waddle
jumped out of bed,
And out of the casement she
popp'd out her head,
Crying, "The house is on fire, the
grey goose is dead,
And the fox is come to the town,
oh!"

ONCE I saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, little bird, will you stop, stop, stop?
And was going to the window to say how do you do?
But he shook his little tail, and far away he flew.

OLD Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat;
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well
That none of the party were fat.

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea,
How good you be.
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

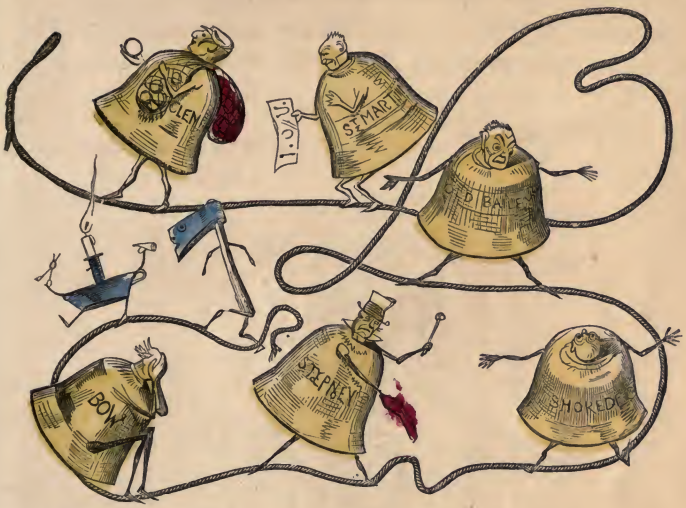
OLD King Cole,
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers,
"Oh there's none so rare
"As can compare
"With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick o' hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
Thank you, kind sir, I hear very clearly.

OH, dear what can the matter be!
Two old women got up in an apple tree.
One came down,
And the other staid up till Saturday.

O THE little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or silver.



ORANGES and lemons,
Said the Bells of St. Clement's.

You owe me five farthings,
Said the Bells of St. Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Said the Bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Said the Bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Said the Bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Said the great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop—off—
the—last—man's—head.

ONE, Two, Three, Four, Five,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

ONE-ERY, two-ery, ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
ninery ten;
Spillery spot, it must be done;
Twiddledum, twaddledum, twenty-
one.
O, U, T, spells out.

[*Used by Children to decide who is to begin a game.*]

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond;
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

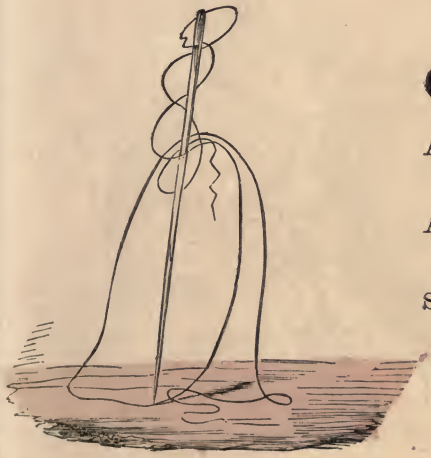
Then Jack went a courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then touched her wand,
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back
Flew up to the moon.

ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty,
Please, mamma, give me some dinner.



OLD mother Twitchet had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

[*A Needle and Thread.*]

PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pepper,
A peck of pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man;
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt,
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

PUSSY cat Mole,
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole;
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

PUSSY sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy, Pussy, are you there?

PUSSY cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings;
Pussy cat ate the dumplings.
Mamma stood by, and cried, "Oh, fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?"

PEASE pudding hot,
Pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie:
Punch gave Judy
A knock of the eye.

Says Punch to Judy,
Will you have any more?
Says Judy to Punch,
My eye's too sore.

PETER White
Will ne'er go right.
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose,
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe! poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat, of an old Nanny goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring a ting tang, and a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe.

POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
It will all boil away.

Blow the fire and make the toast,
Put the muffins down to roast,
Blow the fire and make the toast,
We'll all have tea.

QUIXOTE QUICKSIGHT quiz'd a queerish quidbox,
A queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quiz'd;
If Quixote Quicksight quiz'd a queerish quidbox,
Where's the queerish quidbox Quixote Quicksight quiz'd?

QUEEN Ann, Queen Ann, she sits in the sun,
As fair as the lily, as white as the swan:
I send you three letters, so pray you read one.
I cannot read one unless I read all;
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the ball.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, ree,
A hawk sat upon a tree;
And he says to himself, says he,
La! what a fine bird I be!

ROBIN the Bobbin the big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!

ROBERT Barns, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine,
So that I may cut a shine?
Yes good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

RIDE, baby, ride!
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And a little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

RING the bell!

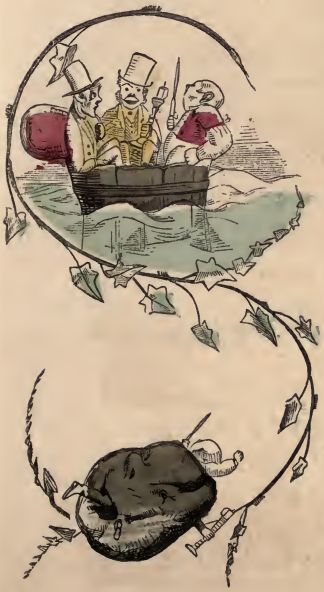
Knock at the door!

Lift up the latch!

And walk in!

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
O, brother Richard! the sun's very high.

You go first with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after on little Jack Nag;
You go first and open the gate,
And I'll come after, and break your pate.



RUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

RAIN, rain,
Go away,
Come again
Another day;
Little Johnny
Wants to play.

RIDE a cock-horse
to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman
ride on a brown
horse;
With rings on her fin-
gers and bells on
her toes,
She shall have music
wherever she goes.

KISS IN THE RING.

[*This popular game is honored with a variety of jingles, but generally commencing* —]

SALLY, Sally Waters, sprinkle in the pan,
Hie, Sally! Hie, Sally, for a young man!
Choose for the best,
Choose for the worst,
Choose for the prettiest that you love best.

SNAIL, snail, come put out your horn,
To-morrow is the day to shear the corn.

SEE, see. What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

SING, song, the days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall hang to-morrow.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw:
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt!

SEE, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

SWAN swam over the sea—
Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swan swam.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin.
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off."

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

SEIVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chestnut,
Let it stand an hour;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Very ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

SHOE the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the grey mare;
If the colt won't be shod,
Let him go bare.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
Puss has stolen the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
Puss has bit it quite in two!

THERE was a little man
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, Yea or Nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded, ded."

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead;
He shot Johnny Sprig
Through the middle of the wig,
And he knocked it right off his head, head, head.

THE old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean, and fit to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

THERE was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

THE Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day:
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

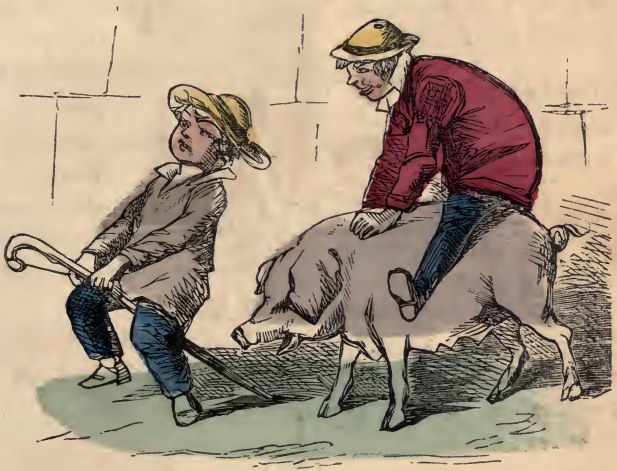
The King of Hearts,
Call'd for the tarts,
And beat the knave full sore:
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more.

THE Lion and the Unicorn,
Were fighting for the crown;
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of the town.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

THERE was a man in double deed,
Who sow'd his garden full of seed;
And when the seed began to grow,
'Twas like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow began to fall,
'Twas like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away did fly,
'Twas like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky began to roar,
'Twas like a lion at the door;
And when the door began to crack,
'Twas like a stick across your back;
And when your back began to smart,
'Twas like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart began to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.



TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone:
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

THERE was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile;

He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,

And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel and sago,
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this,
To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THERE was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.
Cob, says Dob,
Chitterabob, says Mob,
Cob was Dob's dog,
Chitterabob Mob's cat.

THERE was an old crow
Sat upon a clod.
There's an end of my song,
That's very odd.

THE man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
And ask'd his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.

THERE was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister;
When a cow at a poke,
Toss'd her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman miss'd her.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did'nt know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipp'd them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Whiskey, Whaskey, Weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
So Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle.

THE barber shaved the mason,
And as I suppose
Cut off his nose,
And popp'd it in the basin.

THERE was a little girl,
And she had a little pig.
She learned the little brute
To dance a little jig.
This pretty little girl
Had a pretty little taste,
She dressed this little porker up
With ribbons round his waist.
By little and by little,
She learned him how to spell,
And now he knows his lessons
A little bit too well.
He creeps into her little room,
Upon her little trunnel bed,
And Sarah Little says, she will
Cut off his little head.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.
She went to the baker to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

[*A Song set to fingers or toes.*]

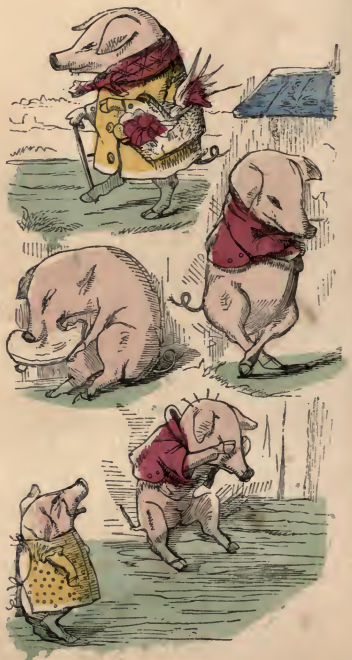
1. THIS pig went to market;

2. This pig staid at home;

3. This pig had plenty to eat,

4. But this pig had none;

5. And this little pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
All the way home.



TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
Richard went to buy a mop,
Tommy gave him such a knock
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

THREE straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

THE Cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

THERE was a jolly Miller
Lived on the River Dee,
Said he, I care for nobody,
If nobody cares for me.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig,
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

THERE was an old man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into a holly-bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

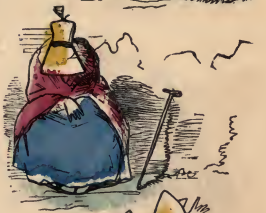
THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

THE man in the wilderness ask'd of me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answer'd him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.



When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November:
February has twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried gobble, gobble, gobble:
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

THERE was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she eat two, she had eat a couple.

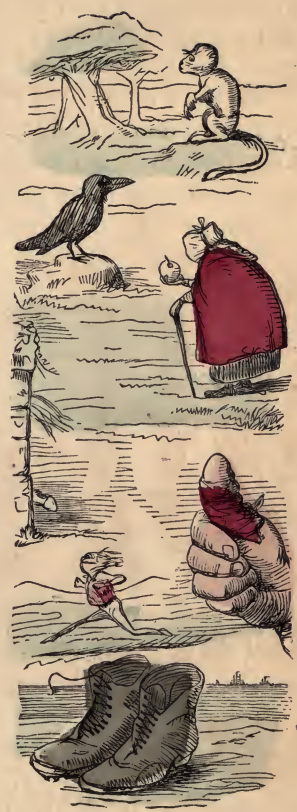
There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.



THERE was a little guinea pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, I am told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither, so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by and by."

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice.

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn.
Long back'd Gray
Carried it away.
Old Mid-man sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy, paid for a'.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

THERE was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small:
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

THIS is the way the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy!

THE Cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he sings "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

TOM, he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

But Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys;
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laugh'd at the joke.

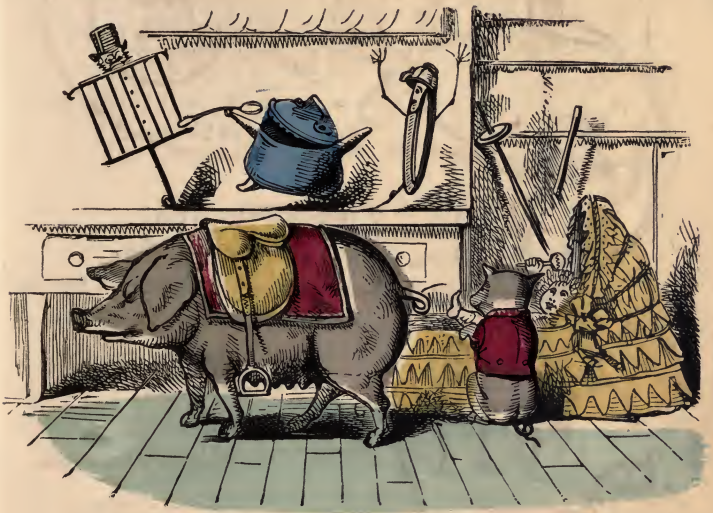
He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and play'd them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lighten'd full soon.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

THUMB bold,
Thibity-thold,
Langman,
Lick pan,
Mamma's little man.

TIT, tat, toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All in a row;
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one on the old man's crown.

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John;
Jerry was hung, James was drown'd,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John.



THE sow came in with the saddle;
The little pig rock'd the cradle;
The dish jump'd up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
Oh! said the gridiron, can't you agree?
I'm the head constable, bring them to me.

'TWAS once upon a time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
And so prettily she sung;
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird;
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren!
If you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry-pie, you shall,
And drink new currant wine;
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or any peacock gay;
So dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind;
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind;
Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant-wine;
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And never go to fine.

Robin Redbreast rose up early,
All at the break of day,
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sung a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And little Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig;
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny!
Fie upon you, bold faced jig!

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

TELL tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

TWO little dicky birds sat upon a hill,
One nam'd Jack, the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack! fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack! come again, Jill!

UP she goes and down she comes,
If you haven't got apples, I'll give you some plums.

UPON my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

VINEGAR, veal, and venison,
Are very good victuals, I vow.

WE'RE all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

WHEN good king Arthur
ruled this land,
He was a goodly
king;
He stole three
pecks of barley-
meal,
To make a bag
pudding.

A bag pudding the
king did make,
And stuff'd it well
with plums:
And in it put great
lumps of fat,
As big as my two
thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

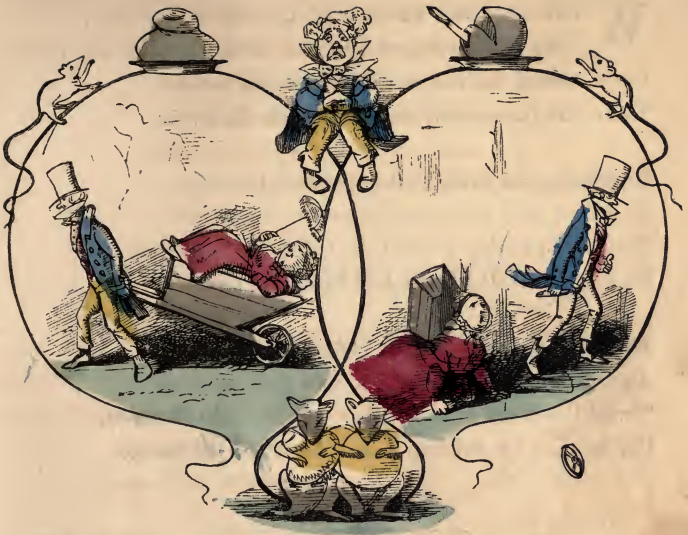
WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?
I am going a milking, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.
Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all things that are nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.



WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived all by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, wife, and all.

WHAT shoe-maker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Ev'ry customer has two pair.

[*A Horse-Shoe.*]

WHEN a Twister a twisting, will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine:
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted; he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

WASH, hands, wash,
Daddy's gone to plough,
If you want your hands wash'd,
Have them wash'd now.

WASH on Friday,
Wash in need;
Wash on Saturday,
Slut indeed.

WHEN little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went up stairs.

X SHALL stand for playmates Ten;
V for Five stout, stalwart men;
I for but One, as I'm alive;
C for a hundred, and D for Five;
M for a Thousand soldiers true;
And all these figures I've told to you.

YET didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher, and spilt my water;
And huff'd my mother, and chid her daughter;
And kissed my sister instead of me.

YOU shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.

ZANY, Zany, Zaddlepate,
Go to bed early and get up late.

YOUNG lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;
If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell.
I never would cry, young lambs to sell.

THE END.